

# THE GREEN FIELDS ARE TURNING INTO GOLD

THE green fields are yielding their harvest of gold. Once more we see the miracle of the harvest, and, if we are decent folk and not mere churls, we give thanks to God for the power that renews our strength.

The lesson for these days is from the gospel according to the farmer. A good fellow he is at his best, naturally wise and almost unnaturally patient and long-suffering. Well he knows that harvests do not come from nothing. The gospel of Dr Julian Huxley that once upon a time there was a big round O and that everything has come out of it without a Mind, just by chance, is accepted by few farmers.

## The Farmer's Gospel

He knows that the earth itself, a handful of soil, is a complex thing as marvellous as a watch, and beating with life that follows a course laid down for it long before Brains Trusts were thought of. He knows that if a few inches of soil should fail us suddenly, if its workers should strike or fall asleep or pause from any cause, there is an end of all things, of you and me and the war itself, for there would be no men nor Nazis left.

BUT there will be old farmers reading this who know that these things will not fail. It is wonderful what God will do if we help Him, says one farmer friend of ours. He knows that the hundreds of acres of food he grows, millions of little red apples and thousands of bushels of wheat, are produced by the labour of a mighty army he has never seen, by myriads of living workers he does not know. Poor dead stuff the soil seems as the ploughman turns it over, but it is alive with power and packed with wonder. We hear much of our production for the war, but it is child's play compared with the production for the peace that goes on every hour. If we would read a real tale of adventure, let us have the story of the hundred million tons of wheat that burst through the gates of the earth each year, bringing life for men and nations.

## Nature Knows No Shirkers

Pick up a thimbleful of soil and try to think of the power in it. The brain that has measured the sun and weighed the earth is altogether beaten by this speck. There may be thousands of millions of living creatures in it; if it is very good soil this thimble will hold within it thousands of millions of separate particles. And yet the earth is not so closely packed together that things have not room to move, for half the space in a spadeful of soil will probably be filled with air.

It would never do to have no room down in the earth, for the population under our feet is millions of times more than in our streets, and if Nature choked space with her workers as we choke cities with our slums there would be an end of all of us. Down in the earth are incredible forces and uncountable millions working for us morning, noon, and night. The push of life in what we call the solid earth is so tremendous that a young larch tree has been known to raise a boulder weighing a ton, and the minds of our engineers are baffled by the thought of such vast power.

Nature knows no shirkers. She takes no holidays. She has no absentees. More life and more abundant is her aim. She has

hundreds or thousands of kinds of microbes working in the soil, insects always creeping about, boring tunnels in the earth and bringing chemical agents in their train. When we count our blessings or our friends, how many of us count the lowly worm? We tread on him, poor benefactor of mankind.

IN a little drawer in my library is a piece of stone from the world before man came into it, and on it are the tiny casts of earth pushed up by a worm in the soil of a world which had not yet seen a single human being. There was the poor worm then; here he is today; and all through these eons of time this lowly creature has been ploughing the earth—and ploughing it at his peril, for if there was no man to tread him under foot there was always the crow looking out for him above, and probably a mole below. When the worm throws up these worm-casts he is communicating to the soil a peculiar quality it needs, for he has tiny glands that give lime to the soil, without which wheat would not grow.

## The Universe and a Seed

We plant a seed in the earth and it grows into something infinitely greater than itself. Hardly a farmer on earth believes that no Mind is behind it. Inside the seed is a power that no man knows. The great forces of the Universe are on its side. Sun and wind and rain, night and day, spring and summer and autumn and winter, the law of gravitation and the revolution of the earth, the silent transformers of matter and the conscious toil of human hands, are in partnership with this tiny thing.

SO our harvests come; so they have come since the first man put a seed in the earth and found that it would grow; and so they will continue. There are lessons for us in the harvest field. We have organised our industries; we have built up these marvellous munition works in which we can walk for miles through corridors of iron and steel. We have now to guard our harvests, to organise these vast munition shops of the human race. The soil will go on growing things, but it is not enough that we should take the richness of the earth and give it nothing back. What we take out of the earth we can give it back again. Two scientific miracles are going on now—the reinforcement of the soil and the making of new foods. Men can make a soil to suit a corn or a corn to suit a soil. Science has done wonders with a grain of wheat, and it will do more.

## Winning New Power

It is knowledge that our people want. Hand in hand with Nature, learning to master her by obeying her, we shall win new powers and conquer new territories. It is one of the great tasks of the Great Peace. We have learned something of munitions; we have risen mightily to the call of war and poured out strength beyond our dreams. Peace, too, has need of munitions, and on these we may build up not tragedy and bitterness and vain regret, but happiness and prosperity and millenniums.

It is the boundless opportunity that awaits us when we come to the end of the road. The misery of these days is not to be described in words, but the glory of the warless world is beyond all dreams.

—Arthur Mee

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE



GOLDEN GRAIN

## The Lawyer From Tobruk

LAWYERS are men trained to extricate themselves and their clients from difficult positions. We are therefore not surprised to hear what happened when a young London solicitor, Lieut. R. P. Bentham-Green, was in danger of capture with a brother officer at Tobruk.

He seized a car, and the two men drove straight out across the perimeter of the doomed fortress into the enemy lines. There they joined a German and Italian convoy, taking their place in it so coolly that the enemy soldiers mistook them

for a couple of German Staff officers, and saluted them with the greatest respect.

The two young Englishmen acted their silent parts to perfection. The journey was long, but never by a single false move did they betray themselves. Gradually they approached the British position.

Then, when they felt the right moment had come, they broke away, and went out full speed ahead across the desert, finally reaching British headquarters in safety, with a merry tale to tell of their adventures.

## THE MYSTERIOUS ANT

WE hear of many people returning to their homes, after long absence through enemy action, to find their lawns and paths a ruinous mass of ant-hills. A lady friend of ours, after an absence of eight months from her house, found a dozen of these hills a foot high on her lawn, and a London doctor tells us that when he took up residence again in his old home after two years ant-hills on his lawn were barely covered by the tips of the tall

rank weeds that had sprung up.

Ant-hills in pine woods often contain a cart-load of material, but they are the work of years; the garden ant-hills are but a year or two years old, yet each contains millions and millions of grains of soil, all carried and placed one by one by the untiring insects.

Who can explain the purpose of such labour, which bores a tunnel through 30 inches of garden rubbish, and pierces hard gravel?



# A DREAM OF FIVE YEARS

## Plans For Blake's Jerusalem

WE have had too many Ministers of Planning since the War began, but we cannot have too many advocates for the Plan laid down by Lord Reith's Committee. It was set up last autumn and presided over by Lord Justice Scott, and it puts forward proposals of the highest value for the future of the countryside which it thinks could be realised in five years.

It now remains for the Government to act by preparing the way for carrying them out. It is earnestly to be hoped they will not suffer the fate of the plans of Mr Lloyd George's dreamers after the last war. Never were such bold designs, but never in the whole history of Reconstruction did so little come of so much. It is imperative that this time we should have deeds and not talk.

Over a hundred interested bodies have given evidence before the Committee on Land Utilisation in Rural Areas and the Committee has come to the conclusion that the land must be used in the interests of the nation. "The land of Britain should be both useful and beautiful," they say. It considers that the revival of country life is not to be brought about by pouring industries and populations into the country, but rather by improving living conditions so that those who like country life best will not be at a disadvantage compared with townfolk.

The Committee puts housing first, decent houses for all country workers. The tied cottage of the farm labourer (which he must lose if he changes his work) should go, as far as possible. Electricity should be everywhere; there should be an end of a situation in which the village street has been taken up to lay electric cables only to leave the village without light and beyond the means of getting it. All bigger villages should have main

water supply—to which we would add that all villages of any size should have it. All farms should have water on tap—to which we would add all allotments. All villages should have gas. And, of course, every village should have a playing-field and a village hall, and a social centre.

Rural crafts and trades should be encouraged, but factories should not be planted down in unsuitable country places. One proposal of the Committee interests us specially, for the C N has long been urging it. This is that all great rubbish heaps and waste places made by pits and quarries and railway companies should be restored or planted. It is the policy of the C N for "pouring the cinder-heaps into the chalk-pits." For generations it has been a scandal that a colliery company or a quarrying firm could spoil the countryside by heaping up mountains of cinders or by hacking out great gashes in the chalk hills, leaving the place they found beautiful as nothing but an ugly mess. All this must stop, says the Committee.

It is suggested that a Five Year Plan should be drawn up for carrying out these proposals and that the Government should at once pass the necessary legislation. We must hope the Committee's work will not be in vain, for much remains to be done if the country is to be what it should be and not left alone to go to rack and ruin.

## The Children of Gibraltar

Six children from the colony of Gibraltar evacuees billeted in a Bloomsbury square have recently shared a camp holiday with six girls from the East End of London and ten girls of the Quaker boarding school at Sibford, near Banbury.

The Gibraltar children were from a play-centre which is being run by Friends War Relief Service. The camp, held at Sibford, gave the Gibraltar children their first introduction to our countryside. They quickly settled down, and loved particularly a neighbouring farm, where they helped with haymaking.

Any fears that the girls would not mix were soon dispelled. The Cockneys took a little longer than the Quaker school girls to get to know their Gibraltar

"guests," who speak good English and entertained the camp-fire circle each night with their Spanish songs. In the tents, which they shared with English girls, some unofficial exhibitions of Spanish dancing took place after lights-out. Cooking in the open was a novelty to the Gibraltar girls, and they were never tired of helping at the field kitchen.

When the idea of this camp was suggested there was doubt as to whether the Gibraltar mothers would allow their daughters to go away to the country. But on the suggestion being made to them the mothers responded immediately, making one condition—that their daughters should send them a picture postcard every day.

## THE DOCTOR CALLS

AN astonishing story has been told of a doctor on the aircraft-carrier Eagle, which went down in the attack on a Mediterranean convoy.

While the deck was tilting at a crazy angle the doctor came upon a member of the crew with both legs broken, and, though the ship was likely to go down any moment, he calmly gave the man morphia to ease his pain. Then he put a bowline round his shoulders and let him down to the sea gently, saying, "Cheerio,

you'll have to go under your own steam now."

The doctor himself then jumped into the sea and swam with a box of morphia tubes to all the rafts and floats he could reach asking if there were any men who needed him; rarely has the doctor called at such strange places. Finally he swam to a destroyer and gave morphia to a man with a broken arm. We are glad to say that both the doctor and the man with the broken legs escaped to safety.

## Little News Reels

URBAN authorities in England have provided 489,000 wartime allotments, the best county being Middlesex with more than 56,000.

Hay-cutting machines at Windsor are being drawn by the horses that drew the Coronation coach.

America now has over two million civil servants, one in every 43 of the adult population.

TEN thousand men took part in a Moscow swimming competition.

Three million schoolchildren have now been protected against diphtheria in this country.

Swarms of white butterflies, extending for several miles, were seen from the sands at Dymchurch recently, flying in a thin straight line south-west.

SMUGGLED white bread is being sold in Eire at a penny a slice.

American Army transport planes operating a shuttle service for three weeks carried 5000 wounded soldiers and refugees from the Irrawaddy Valley in Burma to India.

To save man-power it has been suggested that in smaller areas where several banks have branches the work should be concentrated among one or two.

"The Safest Bank is a Churchill Tank," says a Savings Week slogan.

A resident in Venezuela has sent the British Government £101 towards paying for the war.

British technical men are helping to form balloon barrages on the coast of California.

In Canada captured Nazis are asking for the Bible, and for commentaries on it, and about 20,000 copies have been sent to prison and internment camps.

## Scout News Reel

TROOP LEADER ROYSTON HUMPHRIES, age 16, has been awarded the Scout Certificate of Merit; giving four nights a week to Scouting, he runs three Scout Troops, one being ten miles from his home.

A Scout camp in Worcestershire, lasting six weeks, is supplying boys in relays of 100 for fruit-picking in the district.

Fifteen members of the crew of the hospital ship Llandovey Castle have joined themselves into a Deep-Sea Scout Crew.

SEA Scouts near Cookham, Maidenhead, collect waste-paper and salvage by boat from many houses which have no road.

Used Scout uniforms are now being sent by Canadian Scouts to Britain to overcome the shortage.

Lemonade was sold at the end of their street by two Cheltenham Scouts, and they collected a guinea for the B-P Memorial Fund.

## THINGS SEEN

Two men cutting battered oats with scythes while four Spitfires practised hedgehopping round the field.

A two-acre clearing in a larch wood near Canterbury covered with willow-herb in full bloom, shoulder-high.

A rat among the birds eating crumbs on a lawn at Farningham.

# SECRET PLANE TO AUSTRALIA

## Two Men and a Famous Tree

THE news that there may be a shortage of quinine owing to the fall of Java is happily not so serious as it sounds, but the rumour has brought to light the story of the great feat of a colonel of the American Army in saving a vast quantity of cinchona seed, which gives us the plant from which quinine comes.

Colonel Arthur Fischer was for a long time at the head of the Philippine Forestry Service, and it was he who introduced the cinchona plant into the islands. During the long and heroic struggle to save Bataan and Corregidor from the Japs he was able to maintain a regular and sufficient supply of quinine to the hard-pressed troops, and his foresight enabled him to realise that Java might fall, and that that great source of quinine might be cut off from the Allies. He therefore set off collecting a vast quantity of the best seed, and at the last moment escaped with it by plane to Australia.

The cinchona trees of South America were Europe's chief source of supply until about a hundred years ago, when botanists attempted to grow the tree in Europe. They failed, greatly to the regret of all concerned, for the value of quinine had been known here since the 17th century, when it was brought to Europe by the wife of the Viceroy of Peru, Countess of Cinchona, who was cured of a fever by quinine.

An English chemist named Talbot made so great a reputation by his quinine cures that he became physician to Charles the Second, who made him a

knight. Talbot then went to the French Court and cured the king's son, whereupon the king bought up his secret, and quinine was at last established as one of the most precious medicines.

It became highly important that Europe should have supplies of this valuable plant, and at last a famous Yorkshireman, Sir Clements Markham, succeeded in introducing it into India. By this time Peru and Bolivia were conscious of the value of the cinchona plant and wished to preserve their monopoly of it, and Sir Clements found it no easy matter to get hold of specimens. The natives were hostile to him, and the Government of Bolivia put every obstacle in his way. The forests in which the trees grew were unhealthy and inaccessible. But Sir Clements was not to be beaten. He secured the help of many collectors in various parts of the country, and in 1860 was able to ship 456 cinchona plants to India. There they grew on the Nilgiri Hills, and were afterwards spread to other parts of India, as well as to Burma and Ceylon.

So two men, separated by 80 years, have safeguarded the world's supply of quinine, one in peace and one in war, but both in secret and in danger.

## Unknown Poland

WE have received a small and attractive book on Poland by a Polish captain serving in this country. "Poland Still Unknown," by Captain Vincent Swicz, can be had from the Standard Office, Kilmarnock, at 2s 6d.

The author has invincible faith in the future of his country, and refuses to believe that Polish culture and Polish courage can be wiped out by Nazi savages. It is to the credit of his people, he declares, that among them was found not a single Quisling.

All who have been stirred (and

who has not?) by the unshakable resolution of the Poles in the face of the cruellest torture suffered by any nation in modern times will read this little book with interest and will be glad to learn something of the problems of our Polish allies. They are great problems indeed, but not unsolvable, and we all look forward to a future in which this romantic land and its brave people will be our friends in peace as they have been our companions in war. We ask for no braver race to share with us these days; we wish no truer friends in the good world coming.

## SCOUTING LONG AGO

DEAR EDITOR, Your note on the way in which the 8th Ilkley Scout Troop have made themselves scarves from an old sheet will remind many who joined the movement in its early days of their own difficulties.

I was leader of a lone patrol at the Kent village of Bishopsbourne from 1910 until 1914. We had no money, no scoutmaster, no support even from our parents, who thought we were playing soldiers.

We dyed old cricket shirts in coffee, cut trousers and knickerbockers down to shorts, and improvised red scarves in various ways (my own was a triangular scarf originally issued to the local fire brigade). Our hats, belts, whistles, and billy-cans were bought from the coppers we could earn or (in the case of two of us)

by walking home from school at week-ends and saving the fare. I expect we looked funny, but we scouted according to the copy of Scouting for Boys which had first inspired us. The patrol consisted of three English boys, two German, and two French, the foreigners being sons of men working at coal-boring.

After nearly two years we were discovered by a District Scoutmaster and attached to a real troop. Looking back, I fancy we were better Scouts in our lone patrol days.

The minimum uniform at that time was hat, scarf, staff, and shoulder-knot. Pleasant and desirable as it is to have nice uniforms, Scouting is the thing. The 8th Ilkley are showing the right spirit. Good luck to them.

WALLACE ARTER



## Scent or Sight?

Which is the more powerful aid to bees, their sight or their smell? Naturalists have not been able to determine this puzzle, and a non-scientific reader of the CN is left pondering it.

A little while ago, friends returning from the country to a London suburb took him an armful of that most fragrant of wild growths meadow-sweet. Placed in a vase in the drawing-room it filled the air with scent, and soon the room was alive with honey-bees which it had attracted through the open windows.

At breakfast next morning our friend noted that the meadow-sweet had been transferred for his benefit to the dining-room. Throughout his meal he was perplexed by a tattoo of tiny sounds, and, going to the closed window where the meadow-sweet stood, he found hosts of bees battering their heads against the glass, endeavouring to reach the sweet nectar-bearing blossoms they could see through the panes.

We are still left wondering whether the bee relies more on scent or sight.

## VALERIE'S £100

The RAF Pilots and Crews Fund has just received a donation of £100.

It came from thirteen-year-old Valerie Allard of York, who collected the money in memory of her brother Geoffrey. Geoffrey Allard was one of "those few to whom so many owe so much." He had joined the RAF as an aircraft apprentice at 17, and when he became a sergeant-pilot he won the DFM and bar. Later still he became a pilot officer, and gained the DFC for destroying seven enemy aircraft in three days during the Battle of Britain. He is said to have destroyed 25 German planes altogether. By the irony of fate this brave lad, who had saved so many lives, lost his own in a flying accident in Essex.

## THE SEASIDE DONKEY

Our peace-time friends the seaside donkeys are not often in the news these days, but two stories from the Kent coast will interest those who remember jolly rides on the sands.

At Margate the donkeys, after resting for two seasons, have found new work. With sacks slung over their backs they are led round the town collecting salvage. No doubt the children who lead them get as much fun from their war-work as they did from their rides.

From Herne Bay comes a very different story. The Urban Council, making arrangements for Holidays at Home, wished to provide donkey rides for the children. They asked local owners to lend their donkeys, only to discover that not one of the animals was to be found in the town.

## A MIRACLE IN THE ARCTIC

The crew of a Hudson bomber has had a remarkable adventure. The bomber was forced down in Greenland, where it succeeded in landing on the ice after two failures. They were in one of the dreariest solitudes of the icy wastes of the Arctic regions and could hope for nothing but a miracle.

The miracle happened. Soon a lot of dogs (huskies) came running up, barking, and following them a company of Americans who had been marooned and were waiting for a ship to get through the ice to rescue them. There was an Eskimo hamlet close by, and there were no other human beings for 500 miles in any direction.

Together these men managed to put together a wireless transmitter which sent out faint signals and brought a plane to the rescue, and all are now safe home.

## REWARD FOR SLACKERS

The workers in a British war factory have found an effective method of dealing with the black sheep who persistently stay away from work without good reason.

Every absentee receives a telegram of hearty congratulations, signed Hitler.

An American aircraft works has had a similar bright idea. At the end of each week every slacker finds in his pay-envelope the appropriate number of dollars for the time he has worked and a German banknote for the time he was absent.

## HOLIDAYS AT SCHOOL

About 20,000 of London's war-time child population of 200,000 have been going to school voluntarily during their summer holidays. A third of the 600 schools available have been kept open for them, and hundreds of teachers have stayed on duty.

It was certainly worth while. The children have continued to get their school milk and meals. Mothers on war work have encouraged children to attend.

We learn that children from evacuation areas are still returning to London at the rate of about 2000 a week.

## THE BIRDS OF POINT PELEE

Point Pelee National Park in Ontario is a naturalist's paradise. It has long been said that in the height of the migration season a hundred species of birds could be seen there in one day, and a Government naturalist who was visiting the area in May decided to test this claim.

It should be explained that Point Pelee Park, of about six square miles, is the most southerly part of the Canadian mainland. It is in a thickly-populated region not far from the great industrial centres of Windsor and Detroit. The naturalist found no difficulty in listing 94 species in one day, in spite of the fact that the migrating season had not then reached its peak.

## THE BRAVE WOMEN OF BRITTANY

Somewhere in Brittany was a German concentration camp in which 1500 Bretons were prisoners. One day an astonishing thing happened.

Without previous warning there marched to the camp a little army of women. There were 200 of them, and they were armed with knives, spades, and pitchforks. The women ordered the two German guards to open the gates, and on their refusing both men were overpowered, the gates were flung open, and the prisoners were set free.

## GOLDEN BLESSING

This year's American wheat harvest is expected to reach 900 million bushels, to which must be added last year's carry-over of 630 millions. This great stock is said to be enough to last the United States for two years, and is a most fortunate occurrence.

So great is the call for storage space that in many Mid-West districts of USA it is all occupied and the grain is being housed in garages, schools, and hotels.

## Stars and Planets

SIR JAMES JEANS has recently found something new to say about the long-standing question of life in other worlds. He begins mathematically by stating that in our Milky Way universe there are 100,000 million stars, and probably about 10,000 galaxies like our own. The stars are therefore in number like the sands of the Sahara.

Now, though there is doubt how our sun got its planets, it is usually accepted that it was the outcome of a "near-miss" by another star approaching it.

This could happen very seldom, and from the foregoing figures it may be calculated that only one star in 500 millions will have experienced the close approach of another in the last 2000 million years. Therefore it is probably the fact that only one star in 500 millions can have planets; but in all the galaxies of the Universe together there may be two billion (two million million) surrounded by them. But no earthly telescope could ever see them, and the naked eye sees only a few thousands.

## ST LUKE IN IROQUOIS

The first publication for 60 years in the Iroquois tongue is a revised translation of the Gospel of St Luke, made by David M. Cory, pastor of the Cuyler Presbyterian Church at Brooklyn. This church has in its congregation about 300 Iroquois Indians.

The previous translation of the Gospel of St Luke into Iroquois was made by a Red Indian, Joseph Onasakenrat, in 1880. Pastor Cory has spent the last two years revising this, and now that his translation is completed it is also serving the Oneida Indians in Wisconsin; the Oneidas are one of the five Iroquois "nations."

## MILK FOR EVERY SCHOOL

The Milk in Schools scheme has been extended to include private and other schools not in receipt of public funds. This means that every child of school age may have milk to drink in school at the price of a halfpenny for a third of a pint, twice daily if wanted.

Schools should ask their milk supplier or local Food Office for details of the scheme.

## TAKE CARE OF YOUNG EYES

There will be many people to disagree with the assertion of Dr Laurence Post at a Medical Congress that near-sightedness is usually inherited, and that a far-sighted mother and father will not have near-sighted children. It can be shown that many children become near-sighted between eight and ten because of improper use of their eyes.

But Dr Post is on safer ground in urging that everybody, especially when young, should have good lighting at school, good light to read by, and no light for reading in bed. Also he recommends good well-rounded diet, a pint of milk a day, and no stooping when reading.

## BEES IN THE BEDROOM

A Cornish lady had an unpleasant surprise the other evening when she went into her bedroom and saw a swarm of bees on the wall. To sleep with such a multitude of unwelcome visitors about was, to say the least, undesirable, and a local apiarist was called in to remove the intruders. He brought a box to which the swarm was transferred.

"I must leave the box here," he told the lady, "and you should keep your window open. There may be some stragglers, and if they come and cannot find their companions they might turn ugly."

Happily, all went well and the lady enjoyed a good night's rest.



Boy Brigaders from London who have been in camp on the playing-fields of Eton

## TOMORROW

By Henry Ford

Tomorrow we will have a better life and a better world. Houses will cost one-eighth of what they cost today. We will feel the influence of plastics. We will build far better cars. Freight planes will be in the air.

## PUZZLE

We have been asked to save paper and now we are asked to save rubber. In view of this, when we have been doing rough work on paper do we rub it out and save the paper, or throw away the paper and save the rubber? Note from Sixth Form of Leeds Grammar School

## REMEMBERING THE SAILORMAN

We are glad to say that a number of devices for the protection of seamen have now become compulsory for all ship-owners. They are 30 in number, and include extra motor-boats, newly-designed rafts with hoods, wireless transmitters, automatic lamps, and scientifically-balanced food rations.

A whistle is also to be provided for seamen as a further means of signalling for help in shipwreck or war disaster, and care is to be taken of the passengers. They are to be given red safety life-belt lamps and yellow water-proofed anti-exposure suits.



## The EDITOR'S TABLE

### ONE, TWO, THREE

THE United States has prohibited the production of whisky after October.

Germany is to stop the manufacture of beer.

*But there is one country in which the good old business will go on.*

### Mrs Miniver's Rose

NOBODY who has met Mrs Miniver on the screen needs to be told that this is the film of films, which every man, woman, and child should see.

It is the best human story of the war the cinema has yet given us and has deeply moved many millions of people, as it will move posterity when it is reproduced in years to come. Nothing could be more true to life.

And yet it would seem that the wonderful world of the film has a weakness it cannot overcome. Again and again we have seen it struggling through artificiality to produce an impression of reality.

And even in Mrs Miniver, this matchless film of life, we see the same thing. One of the stories running through it is of a rose at a flower show. We noticed that it is a *paper* rose!

### THREE TO ONE

NOBODY would overrate the honour of Quisling Laval, but it is worthy of being put on record that for every captive he sets free he enslaves three Frenchmen.

He is seeking to raise 150,000 men for labour in Germany in return for 50,000 prisoners set free by Hitler, but it is to the honour of Frenchmen that they are not responding to this traitor's bribe.

No prisoner wants his freedom at a price so shameful; no honourable man will enslave himself and bring shame upon his country at the bidding of the creatures of Vichy.

### JUST AN IDEA

*It was a very wise man who said that it is the petty expenses that empty the purse.*

## Youth in Wartime

THE children of this country are, taking them in the mass, among the best in the world, kind-hearted, cheery, self-sacrificing, and valiant in time of trouble. But with children, as with their elders, there are those whom the spirit of mischief leads into evil courses.

Among the commonest offences by boys nowadays are pilfering from gardens and allotments, causing fires, wilful damage to property, and interference with apparatus designed to save life in case of air raids. Social workers attribute this laxity to the slackening of control where fathers are with the Forces and mothers busy on war work or with household duties, and there is also the lessening of moral checks and influences owing to a variety of causes. The public blame the police for not taking more active steps to check the evil; the police feel that they are not supported by the magistrates, and the magistrates reply that when they inflict the punishment that is deserved the case will be taken to a higher Court,

and the offenders go scot free to feel themselves heroes. In a recent case where an orchard had been half stripped of its fruit, the magistrates in dismissing the action said that boys will be boys, and that when young they themselves committed similar offences.

It is all very sad, and no doubt parents, police, magistrates, social workers, and all engaged in the preservation of public order and common kindness and decency of behaviour will feel it their duty to play their part in checking, firmly and without anger, the evil that is unhappily spreading in these days. The wheel has indeed come full circle. For generations humane men and women have urged moderation and preventive treatment rather than drastic punishment of juvenile wrongdoing; now they feel that they have succeeded too well and would welcome sterner methods. We needn't go back to the bad old days, but it is urgent that at their most impressionable age our young people should be under good control.

### The Victory That Should Be Won

CALLING it a serious killing disease, Dr W. Allen Daley of the LCC declares that diphtheria could be destroyed if about three-fourths of our schoolchildren were immunised. As things are, however, the grave danger remains. We have to remember that even when diphtheria does not kill it may disable for several years those who recover.

Dr Gefin, President of the Home Counties Branch of the Society of Medical Officers of Health, says that parents could give no finer birthday present to a child on its first birthday than immunisation against diphtheria.

We ourselves believe that compulsory immunisation might well be made a birthday present to every child by the State.

### SALVAGE STUPIDITY

By a Kent Correspondent

IT was said that many people are lacking in enthusiasm in collecting waste, and we must say that we do not wonder.

Our village has had its salvage week, and very carefully did we collect our waste, keeping it all separate as requested. We had heaps of rags, bones, small paper, and newspapers.

The great vans came up on collecting day, and we presented them with our savings heap by heap, first the rags, then the bones, then the scraps of paper, then the newspapers in bundles.

Whereupon the collectors took them and poured the lot into one bag.

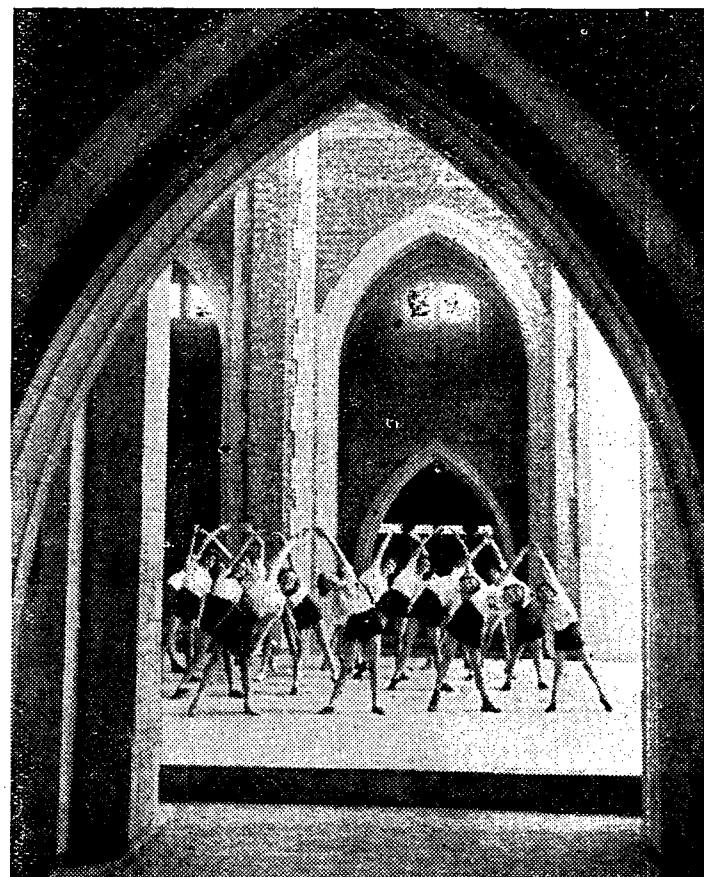
When our astonishment allowed us to utter a few words of protest and surprise, the collectors assured us that we had been quite right in keeping them separate, but that they had to put them together because they had not space enough to separate them!

When in the history of the world was anything more stupid done or said?

### Courtesy Day

AT the head of a queue waiting for a bus were an officer and a labouring man. When the bus arrived the officer stood aside, motioning the labourer to lead the way. "You first," he said. "You're a worker."

The labourer smiled. "Thanks," he replied, giving the officer a gentle push. "After you, though—you're a fighter."



### Cathedral Camp

Surrey County Council having found that its permanent school camp could not be used, the Bishop of Guildford offered accommodation in the crypt of Guildford's new Cathedral, where these girls are seen at physical training

## OUR AMERICAN GUESTS

A MEMBER of the WAAF was coming home the other day on 48 hours' leave, and on the train made a friendly remark to an American soldier.

After they had been chatting some time he said to her, "Do you know that you're the first human soul who has addressed a single remark to me since I've been here, which is six weeks?"

This visitor was perhaps exaggerating, yet if his experience was anything like that it is to be deplored.

From articles which have appeared in many American newspapers, we know that much is being done in the way of hospitality for our American guests. The American authorities by no means took this for granted, as is evident from the very comprehensive advance arrangements they made to ensure entertainment and recreation for their men. It also appears from the booklets issued to American troops as a guide to the life and ways of Britain, in which the reserve and self-consciousness of the British, and particularly the English, was emphasised, so that there should be as little disappointment as possible.

Many of us are trying to break down that iceberg of reserve. It is no use excusing it by saying it is our way.

It is our duty to change that way where it persists. It will not hurt us to do so. A little thought, a little unselfishness, a moment's reflection that these men have left their streets and prairies and mountains and valleys to help us in the fight

for freedom, and surely we can forget rationing for the moment and have them in to tea.

The man who tells the story at the opening of this article lives quietly in the country, but he has not much time for the restful weekends which constant hard work managing his own war factory have earned for him.

Since he is a soldier of the last war, however, the first thing he did when American troops arrived and settled in his home neighbourhood was to go to their camp and ask to see the commanding officer. Introduced to the colonel and the adjutant, he said to them, "I would esteem it an honour, gentlemen, if, on any Sunday they choose, any two of your officers would spend the day with us in our home. I ask only that a telephone message be sent the day before, in case we were intending to be out." The colonel pumped hard at the hand of this sympathetic host.

"That, sir," he said, "is real British hospitality."

### ECONOMY IN A FIX

Much impressed by the announcement that the GPO sometimes made the same envelope serve 15 times by the use of economy labels, we went at once to our stationer to replenish our own stock of them. To our disappointment, he said he had none and that nearly all stationers were in the same boat. The makers of economy labels could send out no more because the Government Department would not release the paper for them.

## Under the Editor's Table

MANY fire-guards are to be roped in. Some have been given too much rope already.

An old lady who took a 60-watt bulb from a cupboard, and put it in a drawer as asked to do by the Fuel Minister, is still wondering how this will save light.

PEOPLE who go in for singing are seldom lonely. Can usually find somebody to accompany them.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If he could win two walking races running

In Russia women are drilling wells. But can't teach them to form fours.

SOON we may not be able to get our clothes washed at a laundry. We shall have to pull off the buttons ourselves.

NEVER have more than five inches of water in your bath, says a notice. But you must have at least one foot.



# Our 20 Centuries

The story of Our 20 Centuries and what they have given us, begun in the CN for August 15, this week reaches the Eighth Century. More will be given next week.

## SIXTH CENTURY

### The Great Roman Laws are Brought Together

It was in the sixth century that a work was put in hand of which the influence is still felt in all civilised countries. This was the revision, and the publication in a convenient form, of the laws of the Roman Empire.

Laws are necessary for the building up of civilisation. Unless people know clearly what they may do and what they may not do the way lies open for all kinds of confusion and injustice to creep in. In the reign of Justinian, ruler over the eastern part of the Empire, which lasted much longer than the western part, Roman law had fallen into such a state of uncertainty, owing to the mass of books about it and the different opinions expressed in them, that lawyers did not know how to advise their clients, and judges were often at a loss for a decision.

Justinian, therefore, being a man who could not sit still and do nothing when he saw abuses needing remedy, ordered a number of experts to go through all the volumes of laws and commentaries and to reduce them to an orderly and reasonably brief arrangement. It was a huge task, successfully accomplished in a very short time.

So the Roman law was recast in a shape which preserved it for posterity. To it all systems in force today owe a great deal; some of them are closely modelled on it; and though we should doubtless by this time have been able to build up on other foundations, yet Roman law was of great value all through the troublous centuries in which our civilisation was being gradually shaped; but for it we should not be what we are now.

## SEVENTH CENTURY

### Christianity Triumphs in Its Great Struggle

For a time the English remained heathen. As far as they could, they had rooted up Christianity, and it was not until about the time Augustine came from Rome that they turned away from their old gods and goddesses to adopt the gentler and more noble faith. It was in the seventh century that this faith triumphed, after a fierce struggle with heathendom, and the English Church emerged.

The consequences of the change were many and far-reaching. England had been cut off from the continent of Europe by its clinging to paganism. It had lost the civilisation which the Romans had built up. The "strangers from Rome," as the missionaries called themselves when they landed, spoke Latin, the tongue of all educated people at that period. They infused into the English a sense of the value of fixed laws. The new faith gave the English admission into the society of nations; at the same

time it had the effect of welding into one the numerous tribes.

When the Church was established by a Greek monk named Theodore, sent from Rome in 668, it drew all the English together.

There was already a tendency in this direction; the religious bond made it stronger, adding a tie of sentiment and sacredness to the unity which was being accomplished by war. The organisation of the Church and its discipline supplied a model for civil government. The councils of the Church were the forerunners of Parliament; the laws of the Church, applying to all parts of the country, accustomed men to contemplate a national system of law.

Whatever its defects may have been, we must not forget our debt to the Church, and to all the devoted men and women who, striving to do the will of God, helped to lift us from barbarism and to set our feet firm on the broad pathway of civilisation.

## EIGHTH CENTURY

### Education Begins in the Quiet Cells of the Monks

Up to this time the English had had little leisure to give thought to education. The value of the monasteries lay in this: that they gave the monks opportunity to study and reflect at a time when other men were too busy fighting or bringing the land under cultivation to turn their attentions elsewhere. By education, not less than by roads and by laws, the progress of nations may be tested. It was time that the English should begin to found schools and to lay the foundation of a literature; and, as the Man is usually found when the Opportunity calls for him, the eighth century gave us the Venerable Bede.

This man of powerful mind and saintly character was a Northumbrian, and spent all his life in a monastery at Jarrow in the Tyne. Here he became the first English scholar, the

first English historian, a famous teacher with many hundreds of pupils, and the pioneer of our national education.

Whatever was to be known at that time Bede got into his head and taught to his scholars, writing it out as well for all to read, if they could, in carefully copied manuscripts.

To the last hour of his life he taught and wrote so that no chance might be missed of driving away ignorance. When the daylight faded, he had come to the end of a task which he deeply longed to complete. "It is finished, dear father," said the young monk who had written from his dictation.

"You speak truth," he made answer. "All is finished now." Then the good old man sang the "Glory to God in the Highest," and died. English education had begun.

## CARRY ON

### THE SUNNY HEART

A MAN is wise and happy who forgets  
All thought of future fears and past regrets,  
Who greets each day with smiles and plays his part,  
With courage, hope, and laughter in his heart.

Today is full of shadows, cold and grey,  
But love and laughter blow the clouds away;  
And sunny hearts with wisdom, charm, and mirth,  
Can always bring a paradise to birth.

The world we see, in many ways, I find,  
Is often but a mirror of the mind;  
So march with music to your land of dreams,  
And sail in glory down its sunlit streams.

E. Oxburgh

### Coupon-Free

WE need no coupons for kindness; it's a joy we can share with all. We need no coupons for happiness; that is something we all can install. We need no coupons for courage; it's a wonderful thing for wear, it is rich and lovely and shining, and never gets threadbare.

We need no coupons for honesty, or for doing a good deed. We need no coupons for mercy, and prayer is unrationed and free; and these are the things that will help our hearts to meet any contingency. There will be coupons for sugar and coffee, and for gas to restrict our rides, and for some of the things we are wearing and for things that may soften our pride. But the things that are worth while can never be rationed with coupons, you see, for the best things that be in our land are not sold by Government decree.

T. E. Hayes

### WHILE THE EARTH REMAINETH

THE seasons pass from Spring to Spring again;  
As yet they will when strife is hushed in peace,  
And neither Winter's snow nor Summer's train  
Of flaming beauty in their turn shall cease  
Until they have achieved their perfect work,  
And Love's great purpose is most truly done.  
God grant us faith that we may never shrink  
The task appointed with the day begun,  
But keep our trust in Him who set each star  
Where best its light would serve His mighty plan,  
And planted seeds of hope both near and far  
To succour every need of mortal man,  
Love makes the world go round, and Love will stay  
When greed and hate and war have fled away.

Irene Ormsby

## Cromwell's Last Prayer

In the tumult of the winds the dying Oliver was heard uttering words like these, preserved for us by his faithful attendant:

LORD, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee, for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the Name of

Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer—even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen.

For two or three days life still flickered, and to his wife and children weeping round his bed he said, Love not this world; it is not good that you should love this world.

On September 3, the day of Worcester and Dunbar, he sighed deeply and passed to his inheritance. From accounts of Cromwell's death.

## Heart of Oak

COME cheer up, my lads! tis to glory we steer,  
The prize more than all to an Englishman dear;  
To honour we call you as freemen, not slaves,  
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?  
Heart of oak are our ships,  
Heart of oak are our men,  
We always are ready,  
Steady, boys, steady!  
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,  
They never see us but they wish us away;

If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,  
For if they won't fight us we cannot do more.

Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough the sea,  
Her standard be Justice, her watchword *Be free*;  
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,  
*Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our king.*  
Heart of oak are our ships,  
Heart of oak are our men,  
We always are ready,  
Steady, boys, steady!  
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again. David Garrick

### We Must See Life Whole

TO live life whole we must understand life whole. It is impossible for any one of us to think of ourselves as separate units, isolated and disconnected members of the human race. Not one stone is separated from another; not one petal of the lily of the field can open to the sun without the working of a thousand laws. And not one of us can do our work well unless every aspect of it has its place in our sympathy and education.

C. W. Saleeby

### VAIN PRETENDERS

AUGURS and soothsayers, astrologers,  
Diviners and interpreters of dreams  
I ne'er consult, and heartily despise;  
Vain their pretence to more than human skill;  
For gain imaginary schemes they draw;  
Wanderers themselves, they guide another's steps;  
And for poor sixpence promise countless wealth.

Ennius, Roman Poet



THIS ENGLAND

Stow-on-the-Wold, the little Cotswold town



## News From a Suffolk Meadow

### THE TALE OF TWO CALVES

NOT so long ago a young man who is working very hard in Suffolk as a farmer bought two calves and put them into a small meadow, where there was plenty of food.

But the calves grew rapidly, and at last it was evident that they would have to be moved to another meadow, about a mile away, where more food was available. So part of the iron railings was taken down against the lane, and the young farmer and his friends imagined that the calves, now well on their way to bullockhood, would be easily driven out of the meadow. But they were forgetting the innate conservatism of animals. The calves saw no reason to abandon their well-known meadow for other and untried regions.

So it was found that it was impossible to induce the calves to leave the meadow. The utmost efforts failed, and gave rise to extraordinary scenes of bovine activity. The animals jumped obstacles and rushed about at an amazing speed, but out of the meadow they would not go. The railings were replaced, not without anxiety, for the food in the

meadow was pretty well exhausted by this time.

The young farmer was now constrained to lay his troubles before an older and more experienced colleague, who, after he had heard what had happened, said, "Let's go and see my old stockman about it." When the stockman was consulted he did not seem to consider it a problem at all, and merely said, "All right; I'll be down there tomorrow morning with Jane and Elsie and will soon get the calves out." So at the tick of seven o'clock next morning Jane and Elsie, two big black cows, came walking majestically down the lane, and when they arrived at the meadow stood looking over the fence at it as though saying, like the policeman, "Well, what is wrong here?" Upon the iron railings being removed one of the ladies strolled in and, having attracted the attention of the calves, walked out again. But the calves did not follow, so back she went, this time close to them; whereupon, wonder of wonders, they followed her out of the meadow, and the whole procession passed up the lane in a sedate and seemly manner!

There appear to be two things to remember and ponder over in this true story—one that those majestic cows knew exactly what was expected of them and did it magnificently; the other that gentle persuasion is often more effective than violence.

## A DOG AND SIX RABBITS

A red setter owned by a White-stable man is acting as foster-mother to six baby rabbits.

The mother of the rabbits was accidentally killed soon after their birth, and their mistress began to feed them with milk from a spoon. The setter, however, stepped in, and as each baby was fed took it into her charge.

## BEDTIME CORNER

### A Difficult Door to Close

JOAN had been in bed for over an hour.

She had lain still at first, then she tossed and turned, for she just couldn't settle off to sleep. Nobody could have said she hadn't tried, but no matter how tightly she closed her eyes they wouldn't remain closed. Once or twice she sighed rather loudly, and on several occasions she nearly called out to Mother downstairs, but that would have made Mother cross.

At last, however, Joan decided to ask for a drink of water. She did, but instead of Mother answering the call, it was Father who came.

"Look here, young lady," he said, "it is time you settled down; you will be losing your beauty sleep."

"I'm afraid I shall," Joan agreed, in a rather despondent tone; "but, Daddie, what would you do if you couldn't close the door of your mind?"

Her father knew how difficult it was for him to close the door of his mind sometimes. There were some thoughts that would keep on pushing their way in, thoughts which kept him wide awake some nights. He understood Joan's trouble, and sympathised. "What would I

do?" he said. "Why, I wouldn't try to do it all by myself."

"But it is not a real door, you know, Daddie," Joan went on to explain; "it is only like one. It keeps letting people in, and they make me think, and I can't go to sleep when I'm thinking; you can't, can you?"

Her father was just turning to go, but he happened to notice Joan's doll on a chair at the bedside. He put it into Joan's arms, tucked them both in, then sat on the chair by



the bed and sang a little lullaby which Joan knew very well. She joined in; but only for a minute or so. Presently she was quiet and breathing evenly. Then her father tiptoed out of the room and closed the door silently.

## Boys Preparing For Peace

NOTHING is more pleasing or promising for the future than the accumulating signs that the new generation is beginning seriously to interest itself in the world at large. In one sense the Second World War has proved to be a magnificent educator.

A case in point is the formation at Worthing of a boys club whose members have begun a campaign to join up boys clubs here with similar clubs in other countries, the keynote being world-friendship and good understanding between the youth of all nations.

The movement began by forming a link with the United States, and the town of Portland (Maine) was first chosen at random, with a map and a pin. A copy of the Worthing club's magazine was sent out with the suggestion that the boys of the two clubs might contribute articles to each other's magazine. This idea was adopted and approved, and its success led to a further move on the same lines made to a boys club at Sydney. Now it is proposed to write to all the Dominions and Colonies and then to the Allies, and after the war visits are to be made. Surely very much will be gained by such contacts made in youth!

## Our Old-fashioned Air

Our new American guests, already wondering how we manage without ice water, may presently be asking why the comfort of air-conditioned houses and offices is met with so seldom over here, while "over there" it is a commonplace. But one of their own physicians has an answer ready, for he declares that in conditioned rooms, the recirculated air carries germs from one room to another, and in a block of offices perhaps from one floor to another.

A consequence is that an invaluable secretary on one floor may be laid up with an influenza germ, which she may be sure was carried down from upstairs on the current of conditioned air circulating between the floors, from Mr So-and-So, who already has the infection. Of course, ultra violet rays might sterilise the air, but much is to be said for the old-fashioned British fresh air.

THE Food Ministry and the Ministry of Agriculture are teaching us to grow and to consume the right foods.

It is fortunate for us that the coming winter, now so near at hand, will make it easier for the housewife who has command of garden or allotment space to produce winter vegetables. The Ministry of Agriculture points out what a change is taking place in the national diet, a change made possible because there has been more taking thought than of old. In days of peace the chief meal of the day usually consisted of meat, potatoes, and other vegetables, but of these things the meat was regarded as all-important. Every good eating-house offered a cut from the joint and two vegetables, but now, as Lord Woolton has pointed out, the meat portion has diminished and must decline still more. The chief meal of the day will have

## Daisy Bates at Her Lonely Tent

*We have received two letters from Mrs Daisy Bates at her tent in the vast solitudes of Australia, and are glad to report that she is safe and well. We take these notes from her letter written at the end of March.*

ANXIOUS times have come home to us in Australia. I am absolutely isolated at this camp and have not spoken to one of my own kind for some time, but I am keeping fit for service. Do you know how?

Once upon a time at Ooldea Camp I saw two settlers and one horse negotiating a railway sleeper, and I thought to myself how very heavy these sleepers must be. When they become much worn they are thrown aside.

Near my tent is a loop line which has been abandoned, and from this line I lever up one of these sleepers with an iron crowbar. Then I chop it with my tomahawk and break it with the crowbar, then pushing and pulling and levering it towards my go-cart. I heave it up on the cart, and then, with a harness rope round my waist and round the handles of the cart, I draw the sleeper to camp. I don't make it any smaller, but up-end it on the fire, quenching it each night, so that I have a yule log always on hand.

## Legend of a Star

I rise and set with the sun, as I have no lamp, being much too afraid of them; a tent is not the place for open lights. I have continually to reinforce my breakwind, making quite a zereba of branches, which I chop down myself and drag along to my tent. By closing up the only entrance before sunset I am quite secluded in my little tent and have rest and peace and privacy.

Often I rise at night and walk round my tent within the breakwind looking at the stars. Vega is my favourite, and though he is not visible until the cold season I watch for him. Why? Because of his place in the old legend, which I must tell you. It has been believed by these poor wandering people for ages, and all the characters in it they see in their imagination in the sky.

He lived with his wife and their two little sons. Near his camp

was the camp of his brother-in-law, who was lazy and always tired; but brothers-in-law never fight each other and always feed each other, and so Vega went out hunting daily for food, and his wife for grubs, while the brother-in-law (Karder) lay in camp sleeping and eating.

One day the boys wanted all the grubs in their mother's scoop, but as they were for their father she sent the boys to dig their own, while she got ready for her husband's return.

By and by she missed the boys, but could not compel Karder to go to look for them as she had no authority over him, and he was too lazy. "They have gone to meet their father," he said, and went off to sleep again.

## Tracking the Boys

When the father returned with his kangaroo and asked for the boys he was very angry to find them missing, and followed their tracks until he found them in the middle of a lake, drowning. He stretched his long beard over the lake and called out to them to catch hold, but the boys went down and were drowned. The angry father came back to the camp and slew the mother with his spear, but he could not slay Karder. To him he said: "You are my brother-in-law and I cannot fight you; we brothers must not fight. But you must not walk with me any more. You will walk behind my woman, which will be a disgrace to you, for always all men will see you creeping behind with no manhood in you any more."

Karder's sentence was the greatest punishment that could be inflicted on the ne'er-do-well; it is evidence of the philosophy of these folk, cherishing these legends through the ages as they wander homeless in the Continent that has passed from their keeping.

This is why I look for Vega in the heavens, and why I have my tent fixed so that I can see him twinkling as I lie in bed at night.

## STOCK THE LARDER FOR THE WINTER

to consist of potatoes and other vegetables more or less flavoured with meat. The eating-house will have to provide two portions of vegetables and a small portion of meat, making a great change in the balance of consumption.

In the years before the war our consumption of vegetables other than potatoes was little over 8 lbs a week for a family of five people. As meat supplies diminish, the consumption of vegetables must rise until a minimum of 13 lbs is reached.

It is important to notice that a great part of the population has neither land nor time in which to grow the vegetables required, and that the market gardener will have to increase his efforts, and must pay special attention to winter vegetables.

The national larder is short of nitrogenous food because supplies of meat, fish, cheese, and eggs

have fallen, and also there is less sugar, while butter, fats, oils, and fruits are in only limited supply.

To make good the sugar shortage we naturally turn to food containing plenty of sugar, and the vegetables rich in sugar are beetroot ten per cent, parsnips nine, carrots over five. All these have the great advantage of being readily storable.

The Ministry of Agriculture points out that there should be more winter lettuce and other salad crops in the glasshouses, and more watercress in the streams. Brussels sprouts, winter cabbage, late savoy, kale, sprouting broccoli, and spring greens should be planted to give a continuous supply of green crops from winter to summer.

Practical advice of this sort is of the highest national importance at this time, and we cannot make our plans too soon.



## Cheerful Tale of a Bowler Hat

WE all know what a bowler hat looks like, but not all of us may realise that in these days it has a special significance in army slang for a rather sad turn in the affairs of many good men.

To be bowler-hatted means for an officer to have to leave the Army for honourable reasons, usually because he is too old for the job he is doing.

Many officers between 45 and 55 have been bowler-hatted for this reason, or because the strain of the Army today is too much for them. Our officers of 1942, like their men, have to be in perfect trim for their work.

For some of the bowler-hatted, new jobs have been found, quite a few in Government service. The Emergency Register of the Ministry of Labour and National Service finds civilian work for them as fast as it can.

It was one of them, an Indian Army man with a fine record, who was musing the other day about his varied and adventurous life. Busy now plying his pen as a Government clerk, cheerful and bright at all times, he refused to admit that work ever hurt anybody. It might not be just what you wanted to do, but you could enjoy it, nevertheless, if you made up your mind that you would.

True, he would have preferred to be still with the grand Indian regiment to which he had given 20 years of his life, but he was no longer fit, and that was that.

Now he was "pushing a pen" in a Government office, and doing it well. He said, however, that although the hours were long and the work hard, it was easier than being a dock labourer. Oh, yes; he'd done that. It was one of the many things he'd done in the good old days when he came home to England on six months leave after a long spell in India.

He'd been a farm-worker, too, a shop-assistant, and many

other things. A short holiday was all very well, but a man couldn't idle six whole months leave away; a man must be working, and earning his keep.

So every time he came home from the East he would scan the advertisement columns of the newspapers after a brief rest and see what was offering.

Once he accepted a post as a domestic help in a country house. He cleaned the boots, polished the silver, swept and dusted, waited at table. Then the butler left, and the Army officer became butler.

He did his job well. He ran the house with clockwork regularity, family and guests alike. Perhaps he may have introduced a touch of Army discipline into their easy-going ways.

It certainly looked like that when, towards the end of his leave, his employer called him into his library, and asked him if he'd mind ceasing to be butler and become a guest instead!

The butler inquired why. "Well," confessed his master, with a wry smile, "it's rather this way. We feel that if you were just one of us, instead of our most efficient butler, perhaps you might not boss us so much."

So the butler took off his livery, and sat at the dinner-table instead of standing like a graven statue and superintending the service of the meal. Needless to say, the family and all the guests enjoyed the change, and so did the butler.

## THE VILLAGE BOOK

A CORRESPONDENT writes from the Sussex village of Peasmarsh to tell us of an interesting record of village history at Iden, near Rye. It was begun at the end of the last war by Mr E. Catt, who was born in the village about 70 years ago and knows it well enough to be its recorder.

Mr Catt has always been interested in Nature, especially in birds, and delights to paint in water colours all the specimens that come his way. His book shows a very fine collection and the subjects are all named—birds, animals, flowers, and insects. There are pictures of

old houses that have now disappeared or changed, and a short written history of an old castle long since vanished.

The book is beautifully bound in calf, and will be a joy to future lovers of this tiny village.

Mr Catt is an optimist and his book has blank leaves on which he can go on recording—we hope for many years yet.

It is an admirable idea to prepare such history books; every village should have one. Who could guess the value to posterity, or the pleasure to our own generation, of such a library of local knowledge in our ten thousand villages?

## A Dog and His Master

THE faithfulness of dogs is a lovely thing, knowing no bounds and accepting no rules.

When a blind man of over 80 was taken into the Bethnal Green General Hospital recently for a serious and urgent operation, his little terrier dog came with him and refused to leave his master's bedside. He was as tenacious as he was faithful, and after many vain attempts to coax him away the surgeon decided that the dog

should go with its beloved master into the operating theatre.

The operation over, the dog came back to the ward and climbed on the bed to watch over the old man. This, of course, is against all hospital rules, and so the Animal Rescue League was telephoned for, and eventually the faithful terrier was taken to the Mayhew Home to be cared for until his master should claim him.



The Hope of His Side

## THE SOLDIER'S LITTLE BOX

Every American soldier who goes into battle carries with him a little box which may sometime spell the difference between life and death, for it contains sulfanilamide tablets, the most effective chemical agent to prevent infection known to modern science.

The spill-proof metal box contains a dozen tablets, and is designed so that it can be operated with one hand by a soldier lying gravely wounded on the battlefield. On the back of the box is printed "Take two tablets with water every five minutes until all twelve are taken, swallowing whole without chewing." It was the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour which provided the United States Army with the first demonstration of the efficacy of the drug under war conditions.

## Next Week's Children's Hour

THE Talvern Children's Choir and Elizabeth Boenders, violinist, will open the BBC Children's Hour at 5.20 on Sunday, August 30. In the same programme we shall hear Melan-gell and the Lambs, an old Welsh story read by Margaret Fisher.

On Monday at 5.20 there is to be a Dutch feature, devised by Janet Dunbar, in which a number of Dutch children living in England are to take part.

On Tuesday at 5.30 we shall go Out With Romany and will have adventures among birds and animals.

Darty the Dragonfly is the title of a story by Aileen Henderson which we shall hear at 5.20 on Wednesday. This will be followed by an Agricultural Bee for Young Farmers, conducted by J. O. Thomas, with a team of girls competing against a team of boys.

Gilla Dacker and His Horse is a play which will be coming from Northern Ireland at 5.20 on Thursday.

On Friday we shall hear a programme called Marketing, devised by Helen Drever. There will also be a Scottish Zoo Talk by Tom Gillespie.

The programme for Saturday, September 5, will include Pencil and Paper, by P. Caton Baddeley, and a talk by Garry Hogg entitled Over the Hills and Far Away.

## Pitcairn Keeps Watch

Now that the Japanese are poking into many lonely places in the Pacific even the most remote islands must be on watch.

One of the most remote is Pitcairn, where the mutineers of the famous Bounty came many years ago and where their descendants still live. A ship sighted off Pitcairn is the most exciting thing that can happen in the island's life. It might be the Japanese, it might be visitors bringing food and fresh clothing, or it might be an American vessel.

In May this year the islanders thought they saw a rowing boat approaching the island. No one knew from where it came, but there it was, miles out to sea on the broad bosom of the ocean. By careful watching the islanders concluded that it was drawing near the island, so they prepared food and hot drinks in case it should be a boatload of shipwrecked sailors. Some householders got out warm clothes. A visitor from America who was on the island has described what happened.

"Some of the women were preparing the food and getting ready to take their children up the hill to some hiding-place in case the boat might be a raider, but others set to work making up beds and cleaning up the houses to entertain any visitors who might come. The men rushed to the top of the hill with glasses to make sure about the boat, and the islanders were greatly excited when they saw

them running down with broad grins on their faces. What had been thought to be a rowing boat was only a school of porpoises gambolling in the sea!

Pitcairn is not always so deceived as that, however. A week before the porpoises created such an excitement a beautiful sailing ship had come near, and the islanders rowed out to speak to her. The captain was rather mysterious about his journey and his cargo, and slipped away from Pitcairn with his beautiful sails shining in the sun, leaving the Pitcairn people still wondering who he was.

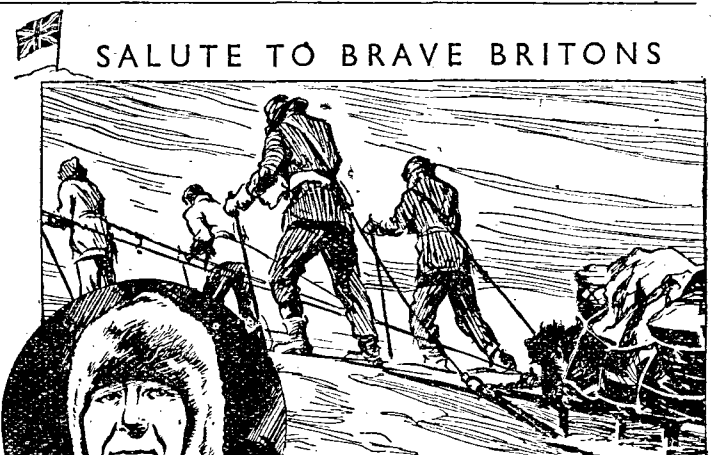
## A MARRIAGE CASE

A London Committee of Quakers tells of a young Hungarian man and his Finnish fiancée who had come under its care.

They had got away from their respective countries to the Faroe Islands, but technical difficulties prevented their getting married. Then they were interned as enemy aliens, and later released and brought to London by the Committee.

The young people speak no English, and as neither knows the language of the other they converse in Esperanto.

They are now being helped to get married and work is being found for them.



## SALUTE TO BRAVE BRITONS

### No. 2 Captain Scott

The Polar Explorer of undying fame

In June 1910, Captain Scott set sail from England in the 'Terra Nova' accompanied by a small band of explorers, with the avowed intention of being the first men to reach the South Pole. You're probably familiar with the epic story of their bravery, the long marches through the biting blizzards, the calm courage with which they faced incredible hardships.

Did you know that Captain Scott and his party were sustained by steaming cups of Fry's Cocoa and by munching Fry's Chocolate? Captain Scott wrote: 'Crunching those elaborate chocolates brought one nearer to civilization than anything we experienced sledging.'



Presented by **FRY'S** whose famous CHOCOLATE AND COCOA have sustained many brave men in their hazardous quests



## PUZZLE

GRANNY had been recalling scenes of her girlhood, little Patricia listening in wonder.

"But, Granny," murmured the child at last, "how can you remember things that happened seventy years ago when you can't remember where you put your spectacles before dinner?"

## Proverbs About Home

EAST or west, home is best.  
Every bird likes its own nest.  
Every dog is a lion at home.  
Men make houses, women make homes.  
Dry bread at home is better than roast meat abroad.  
There is no place like home.

## Chronogram

A FAMOUS English warrior-  
duke  
Whose battles are renowned.  
A celebrated admiral  
Who first the globe sailed  
round.  
A navigator who was killed  
By savage treachery.  
A noted voyager who first  
America did see.  
A sailor second in command  
In great Trafalgar's fight;  
The vessel in which Nelson fell  
Combating for the right.  
Initials of these six words take  
And place them side by side,  
Then they will name, as thus  
arranged,  
The year when Nelson died.

Answer next week

## Jacko in Hot Water



HAVING decided that Bouncer needed a bath, Jacko filled the washtub with nice soapy water and pushed the unwilling dog into it. Now, if there was one thing Bouncer hated it was being bathed, and when the kitchen door opened and Mother Jacko walked in he made a dash for it, shaking himself vigorously and soaking his mistress well as he passed.

## Do You Live at Chislehurst?

HURST means a wood, or grove, and chisel is the same word as chisel, an old word for gravel or shingle. The meaning of the name, therefore, is the woody place on the shingle, a description of it as it was originally.

## Tittle-Tattle

MISS TALKER: It's too bad of you. You said you would not give away that secret I told you.

Miss Gossip: I didn't give it away. I exchanged it for another.

## HOW MUCH?

JACK and Tom each had a certain number of pennies. Said Jack to Tom, "If I had four times my present number of pennies, and also a third of yours, I'd have fifty-nine."

Tom replied, "If double your number were taken from eight times mine, and the product divided by four, I should have eleven."

How much money had each?

Answer next week

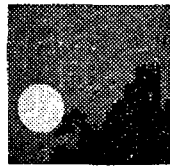
## Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

Baa, baa, Black Sheep, have you any wool?  
Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full;  
One for the Master, and one for the Dame,  
And one for the Little Boy who cries down the lane.

WHEN this was first sung in England it was not a nursery rhyme. It was a reference to the unpopular wool tax that Parliament granted Edward the Third when he went to war with France. Of every three bags of wool grown in England the King, who was the Master, took one to pay for the French war. The Dame, who was the Queen, took one to pay for the cost of governing the country while he was away fighting, and the Little Boy who cried down the lane was the poor wool-grower, who got only a third of the clip!

## Other Worlds Next Week

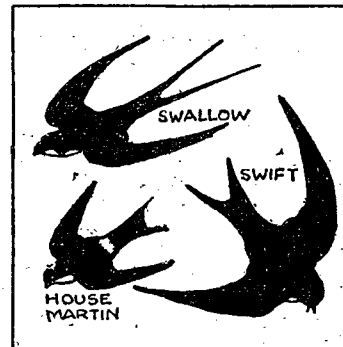
IN the evening no planets are visible; in the morning Venus, Saturn, and Jupiter are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 11 o'clock on Sunday night, August 30.



## Correct

THE schoolboy was not entirely wrong when he wrote that a circle is a figure with only one side and no ends.

## FRIEND OR FOE?



THE swallow, house martin, and sand martin feed entirely on insects caught on the wing, and as they must consume vast quantities of these creatures during their stay with us they are entirely beneficial birds, and should be encouraged to breed wherever they attempt to build. Many people complain of the unsightly mess made beneath the martin's mud nests, but a board fixed just below them will save a great deal of trouble, and help useful birds. The swift, which, incidentally, is not related to the swallow tribe, but to the nightjar, is wholly an insect-eater.

## FINANCIAL AFFAIR

"THAT man spends his money like water."  
"Do you mean that he liquidates his debts?"

## Fable

A BEETLE who fell in a tank Cried, "Which is the way to the bank?"  
Some replied, "Straight ahead."  
"To the left," others said.  
So before he could get there he SANK!

## SITUATION VACANT

THE Chief was getting impatient. Once again he rang for the boy, this time with effect. "Didn't you hear me ring?" he demanded when the boy arrived. "No, sir," was the reply. "Not until the third time."

## Ici on Parle Français

Amenant Son Ami Chez le Docteur

Un lecteur revient à la question: Les animaux communiquent-ils entre eux?

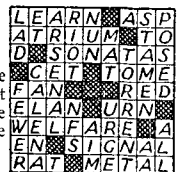
Un de mes parents, qui était médecin aux Indes, raconte cette anecdote d'un chien qu'il a soigné. C'était un chien errant, qui avait la patte cassée. Il le mena chez lui, le soigna, et remit la patte. Lorsque le chien fut suffisamment rétabli pour pouvoir courir ça et là, il retourna à sa demeure.

Huit jours plus tard il était de retour chez le docteur, amenant un autre chien qui avait la patte cassée.

## LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

## Cattle-Truck Problem

There could have been seven or eight bulls, as you will see by drawing a little diagram.



## That That

That that is, is that that is; not that that is not.  
I think that that "that" that that man used is incorrect.

Walters' **Calm** Toffee  
Control Price - 5<sup>D</sup> PER QUARTER  
DELIGHTS - STRENGTHENS - SUSTAINS

## FIVE GIANT EVILS TO DESTROY

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. I read the other day a splendid article by Sir William Beveridge in which he begged the Government to assure our people that they would use whatever powers that were necessary to find work for all after the war. You have often spoken to me in that sense. Do you agree that the Government should do after this war what it failed to do after the last, and prevent unemployment entirely?

Man. Yes, I am entirely in agreement that the powers of Government should be applied to find work for all our people, and not only so, but that a General Staff should be set up at once to prepare plans. Did you notice that Sir William referred to the problem as meaning the destruction of five giant evils—Want, Disease, Ignorance, Squalor, and Idleness?

Idleness in the sense of having no proper work to do bulks most prominently in our minds, but, in fact, the reconstruction of the nation when peace comes comprises every department of the fight with poverty. We need wealth, and, to get it in the best possible way, we need an efficient national health service to sustain our citizens in fitness for scientific

production. We also need good housing if the attack on Disease is to take its proper place; and the destruction of Squalor means the better distribution of industry and of population. If all these factors are to function properly, the giant Ignorance must be destroyed.

These things are bound up with each other. They all entail planning by competent general officers, determined that the nation shall take pride in orderly work, for unless work is orderly there must be unemployment. In fact, these five giants are Economic Quins, and the war upon them must be stern and unrelenting.

Boy. Is it true that we have twice in our history shown that giant Unemployment has been for a time actually defeated?

Man. Yes, perfectly true. It was defeated in the last World War, and is again defeated at this moment. The Ministry of National Service has no difficulty in finding work to do; its trouble is to put on the registers enough workers to accomplish the much that needs to be done. In waging war our greatest difficulty is found to be that there are not men and women enough to do all the jobs that need to be done; yet

in peace we have all along declared that the country has more workers than it has jobs to give them.

Boy. Surely this time the lesson is too plain to be missed? We have more people at work than ever before, and need more still. Surely we can never again deny work to a man who needs it, as every man does?

Man. But keep your eye on the main point—that there is so much more work that needs doing. Our trade can be expanded magnificently. Our cities largely call for rebuilding. If we put heart and soul into the affairs of peace, as we do into the prosecution of the war, we should quickly find ourselves calling for even more workers in peace than in war. The cure for unemployment is necessary work, which cries out to be done. Only economic courage is needed to give us not only work, but happy work.

Boy. But do we not need the provision of happiness, even of the right kind of Idleness?

Man. Assuredly. A State should be planned not only for the work of Production, but for the work of Service, so that every person should get his share of amusement, of relaxation, of fun.



## Mother! Constipated Child needs 'California Syrup of Figs'

Hurry, Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the

pleasant taste of this gentle, harmless laxative. It never gripes or overacts.

Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere.

Mother, be sure to ask for 'CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.'